

SAINT GEORGE

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THE KAISER AND GREAT BRITAIN

BY PROFESSOR C. H. HERFORD

THE famous conversation with the Kaiser, published two months ago in the *Daily Telegraph*, may now presumably be regarded as a closed incident. The press, on both sides of the North Sea, has spoken its mind ; a great debate in the Reichstag has, in Germany at least, done much to clear the air ; and the great Culprit himself, magnanimously overlooking his Chancellor's plain-speaking (somewhat as Falstaff "forgave" his hostess for reminding him of his debt), stands forth none the less, in the eyes of Europe, effectively rebuked. Invasion does not appear to be imminent in either country ; and the brigade of boys which the proprietors of a weekly contemporary are understood to have organized to intercept the Kaiser's airship, has resumed its ordinary duties.

But the susceptibilities which the incident so fiercely excited are still sore ; and if it has done something to place the relations between the Kaiser and his own people on a sounder and more constitutional basis, it is very doubtful whether it has not

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introduced fresh elements of irritation between the two peoples themselves. For this result, however, one of the two peoples is more peculiarly responsible—the one to which the published “conversation” was immediately addressed. By its amazing reception of this public confidence the larger part of the English press perversely complicated a very simple situation, and gave, one must be permitted to say, as glaring an illustration as has been given in our time of that disease of international obtuseness from which no nation, however vast and manifold its international relations, is altogether exempt, but which sometimes visits the island-empire on which the sun never sets with a virulence that is the despair of its best friends.

“You English are mad—mad as March-hares!” One surmises that not a few dispassionate English readers, recalling these now famous words, will, after this interval, privately admit that it looked like it. The Kaiser’s trouble with his own people is that he is too openly partial to England. He has at times committed grave indiscretions in order to do us a good turn, or to demonstrate his good will. At other times he has been, in his people’s eyes, for no better purpose, culpably discreet. The plan of campaign against the Boers, sent to Windsor for Lord Roberts’s benefit, was a breach of diplomatic convention Quixotic in its extravagance, if it were not that Quixote’s plan of campaign would have been against Lord Roberts, and sent to the Boers. His refusal, on the other hand, to receive the Boer delegates was, for his own people, an exasperating example of “correctness” under circumstances when, if ever, the higher justice involved and warranted the suspension of the lower. All this, however, has availed little to break down the cynical scepticism with which his attitude towards England is regarded by an influential section of the English public and press. His “deep plots pall,” and yet his “indiscretions” do not “serve him well,” but are taken for peculiarly insidious manifestations of the deep plot. In the “conversa-

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tion" here in question he expressed his mind about this with very natural if imprudent warmth. The whole talk is the impulsive outburst of a man who heartily admires England, but who cannot restrain his soreness at its cynical repulse of his friendship, and openly-expressed disbelief in his friendly professions. Yet it was received and commented on as the invective of an enemy at heart—a prolonged and serious menace thinly disguised in amicable phrase. But he said: "This is an insult which I resent"? Well, crafty enemies do not publish their resentment so frankly; and resentment at the repulse of proffered good will is apt to vary in intensity with the good will repelled. Is this temper really dangerous? Some of our contemporaries published columns of alarmed speculation on the consequences that were to be feared if some "firebrand statesman," some Palmerston or Chamberlain, happening to be in power, should find it difficult to restrain himself from "answering back." Surely the statesman who thought of retorting upon such resentment in such a fashion would have to be some schoolboy fresh from the crude pugnacities of the playground, not a Prime Minister of England. The really dangerous temperament in these matters is that curious mixture of excessive alarm with excessive bellicosity, often found in old ladies, both in private life and—in the press.

But the whole object of the conversation was obviously, another class of critic explains, to embroil us with France. The Kaiser's allusion to French proposals of intervention in the Boer war was the most regrettable, as it was the most amazingly imprudent, item in the whole revelation. It in no way affected the cordiality of our relations with France, nor was there any reason why it should, be the allegation as true as it might. For it related to a time some years before the conclusion of the *entente*. But the attitude of exemplary calm, preserved with such admirable ease by the English press, rested for the most part on a thoroughly cynical foundation: the

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assumption that the friendship of England with France and her friendship with Germany are incompatible, if not contradictory, relationships, which can only ostensibly be indulged by us at the same time. They are rival mistresses jealously competing for our favour, or say—since the happy conclusion of the *entente*—the mistress and the lawful wife; and the Kaiser's allusion to France was Cleopatra's envenomed missile vainly levelled at the breast of the pure and innocent Octavia. And the object of their rivalry, being no Antony, but an English husband, naturally stands up for the lawful wife. But it is not with such relationships as these that we have to do. Great and complex civilized societies are drawn together or drawn apart by other and more impersonal and uncontrollable laws than those which determine the coqueties of lovers, or even the fidelities of husbands and wives. "The only result of the interview," said the *Spectator*, interpreting the situation no doubt quite justly, "will be to bring France . . . and Britain nearer together." Very good. But why need that bring England and Germany further apart? Granted that France has an unsettled difference with Germany in regard to certain events of the third quarter of the nineteenth century, is this political fact, like the "dram of eale," to spread its malign influence through the whole substance of our civilization too? Have England and Germany no common heritage in the civilization of Europe, and no message of supreme significance for each other, that they must stand at arm's length because one of them has, and the other has not, wiped out old scores with a third party? No event of the twentieth century is of happier augury than the new reconciliation with France. It will be deeply regrettable, and will also show how far "reconciliation" may be from intimate understanding, if our friendship with the nation which since 1870 has assimilated with the most consummate skill what Germany could teach her, should render us even less accessible than we are to an influence of which we have yet

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greater need. It is not, in fact, the animus so much as the sheer unintelligence of the newspaper campaign which makes it so depressing to the serious onlooker, carried on as it so largely is by persons who know little of German civilization or of the German people, and whose opinions are apt to be vehement in proportion to their little knowledge.

EDUCATION AND UNEMPLOYMENT

BY FRANK J. ADKINS

THE need for immediate action in such a matter as the Unemployed question is so evident, and the rate at which one subject after another focuses the public attention is so rapid, that there seems to be but small chance of problems of this description ever receiving the amount of attention needed for their solution. The sooner the matter is patched up for the moment the sooner the public and the Government, its representative, are free to turn to other questions. The demand for immediate action is satisfied, and the problem thus shelved is forgotten in the presence of more immediately urgent questions.

This constant shifting of the focus is doubtless a necessity where the Government for the time being and the general public are concerned ; and it is useless to quarrel with necessity even when it takes the form of a necessary evil. But there are other bodies and groups whose interests are more specialized—Government departments and voluntary organizations which are constantly face to face with sets of allied problems the solution of which is their chief business ; and we should expect from these sources a more thoroughgoing examination of the difficulties and a less superficial order of remedy ready for application whenever opportunity served than may be obtainable in the rough-and-tumble of everyday legislation.

That we feel the need for a deliberately matured policy as regards unemployment is evidenced by the fact that this question is often coupled with the reform of the Poor Law. The labours of a Government Department and of many voluntary bodies are, that is to say, to be brought to bear sooner or later

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upon a problem which is in the meanwhile to be botched up in the usual way.

Systematic action even to this extent is welcome, but unemployment is a question which spreads into regions and spheres of public activity quite beyond the scope and range of the machinery for dealing with poverty; and, therefore, other departments and societies ought to feel roused to the significance of the problem from their own particular point of view. The greater the variety of specialized activity that can be brought to bear upon any given problem the sooner and the more satisfactorily will the problem be solved, and the more intimate will become the connexion between the specialized departments concerned; an intimacy which in itself is worth a great deal to the nation, as well as to the efficiency of each department.

There is thus good reason for considering unemployment from the standpoint of education; for although whatever may be done to improve our educational machinery may not have an immediate effect, although the effects of changes may not be seen for years, yet when they begin to be felt they should result in a real change in the nature of the problem.

Ever since we made education compulsory we have been content to give to the children in our primary schools only such a travesty of a liberal education as is possible under elementary school conditions: to children, that is to say, herded together in seventies and eighties, and leaving at thirteen or fourteen; taught in far too many cases by unqualified teachers in unsuitable schools. Yet we spend many millions a year upon this system, and the fact that it is so expensive ought surely to suggest to those in authority that it ought to be made as effective as possible.

Where so much money is being spent already, the expenditure of a yet further sum might result in the real economy of a considerably increased return upon the whole amount; and if

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it were only possible to turn the unemployed upon the improvement of school buildings, playgrounds, and recreation fields, an ideal form of employment, as well as a really profitable expenditure of public money, would be provided.

But this expenditure would prove profitable only if the training given within the walls of the schools were of the sort the pupils really needed in their after life ; and it is from this point of view that our elementary education most needs remodelling. Although the elementary school is the sieve through which the nation of the future is passed, the only means we have of moulding and directing it as a whole, yet we are still working upon the assumption—our inheritance from the Renaissance—that education must be literary, and that every individual is capable of literary development.

We aim at turning out "scholars" within the limits of the conditions under which we are working. As a result, we attempt far too much. We "teach," i.e. peptonise far too extensively ; we are forced by the comprehensiveness of our curriculum into substituting information giving for education.

In the schools of the later Roman Empire, summaries, condensations, pilule or snippet learning were the dominant feature, and these abbreviations proved themselves to be nothing but chaff ; the husks which, though filling, are neither nourishing nor strengthening.

That there are minds in our elementary schools—as in all other schools—capable of literary development goes of course without saying ; but now that all the grades of education are linked together by the Acts of 1902 and 1903, these exceptional minds can be catered for by the scholarship system, and drafted off into the secondary schools. Children so endowed and selected will always be in a minority—perhaps in a smaller minority than we at present realize ; and the elementary schools once freed from them can then with greater effectiveness turn to the training of the majority ; of the great mass

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of those whose minds are not readily responsive to literary treatment.

They may of course become so later : nothing is more uncertain and variable than the rates and periods of development among children ; but while they are at day school they do not respond to a course of book and paper work, which therefore merely gives them an unintelligent smattering of useless information and next to no training at all.

If the present curriculum is not what they require—and the presence of such numbers of quite young men in the ranks of the unemployed emphasizes the unsuitability of their earlier training—we must attempt to remodel our school course on more practically useful lines, even at some expense.

In so doing it will be as well to avoid the mistake which is the antithesis of the mistake we have been making hitherto. If our primary schools now fail in being too literary, it is quite possible that they might fail equally if they became too technical.

There are two objections to teaching a boy a trade while he is still attending an elementary school. In the first place, it is not easy to say with certainty what a boy is fitted for at the early age at which he leaves the day school ; and to bind him definitely at thirteen or fourteen to an occupation for life is a somewhat serious matter. And, secondly, if we undertake to teach a boy a trade, the boy has a right to expect that trade to yield a living for himself and—later—for his wife and family. The "right to work" would be clearer still if the out-of-work could charge the public authority with having brought him up to an overcrowded occupation. In selecting boys to learn the different trades of a district the local education authority would be obliged to keep a keen eye on the proportion of boys entering each trade course if it wished to avoid the disaster of increasing the possibilities of dislocation and consequent unemployment in its efforts to diminish the evil ; for premature

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specialization results in a grooviness and lack of adaptability which are among the chief causes of unemployment.

The present-day worker needs not only the skill to engage in a given trade, but also the agility to jump out of one trade and into another should the need to do so arise, as well as the farsightedness and determination to make the jump before it is too late; the carefully trained apprentice is not likely to have these qualities strongly developed.

Yet they are qualities of a high order, and worth developing for their own sake as well as for their practical usefulness. Nor should it prove impossible to put a boy in the way of developing characteristics like these while he is still in the elementary school. But if we are to make the training of the mental and moral powers our first consideration, we shall have to introduce very considerable changes in the scope and method of our elementary school teaching.

The line we should find it wise to adopt is indicated by certain experimental schools of recent origin. In the out-of-door schools held recently near London, Bradford, and Newcastle, the studies differed considerably from those of the ordinary school. The line between work and recreation was less strongly marked: paper played a less and material a greater part in the general training; out-of-door occupations and sports were an integral portion of the scheme of work, and the children had a greater variety of duties and responsibilities thrust upon them. The best type of Industrial school also is conducted on very practical lines—lines which would be as strengthening to the normal boy as they have proved to the—frequently over-boisterous—boys who constitute the Industrial school. These two types of schools may, it is to be hoped, exercise a modifying influence on the ordinary day school similar to the influence brought to bear by the Kindergarten upon infant school methods.

At a recent conference of the Apprenticeship and Skilled

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Employment Association, Lord Henry Bentinck pointed out that in spite of the unpromising material from which the Industrial schools are recruited, yet the percentage of unemployment among ex-industrial schoolboys was only four.

The manual training schools in the United States, and the experiment in so-called motor education now being tried in certain London schools, are further evidence of the extent to which a new conception of education is felt to be necessary ; an education based on learning by doing.

To make room for hand-work subjects, for games and for all the many non-literary interests and social duties which are gathering round the elementary school of to-day, many of the subjects which now overload our time-table must be dropped, since it is hard to say exactly what knowledge each individual will need in after life, and also what constitutes common knowledge. The time taken up in merely learning matter which most likely will never be used in after life—how many people use more arithmetic than simple addition and subtraction of abstract numbers and of money, for example?—is too valuable to be spent on a merely receptive exercise. Provided the amount of information to be gained be small enough, it can be so dealt with as to serve as a training to mind and will alike ; but because this method of education is slow and does not lead to the accumulation of a mass of easily tested knowledge, it has not hitherto received the encouragement it deserves from our educational authorities who like to see, what they are pleased to call, value for their money. If, however, teachers were first trained to educate on these lines and then left free to do so by their employers, we ought soon to have a different type of boy and girl turned out by our educational machine. The value of education is to be measured rather by the amount of training it gives to the faculties than by the amount of knowledge it leaves behind it ; and any subject, however utilitarian, can be so handled as to yield a real

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training to the faculties, while at the same time the resulting residuum of knowledge is of real value.

Instead of the over-taught, over-directed, over-obedient, over-passive child of to-day, who looks on the world with the kindly hesitancy that is born of continued dependence on the support of another, and who must be "interested" in his work at all costs, we ought soon to have among us a generation whose dominant note could be vigour, hardness, persistence. At present our schools are too soft, our children too coddled, with the result that when the children go out into the world they are chilled and repelled by its hardness and lack of consideration, discouraged by its expectation of effectiveness. But intensive education, the seeking out and wrestling with the difficulties of a subject, the individual search for new methods of attack, the deliberate reduction of the help given by the teacher to the necessary minimum, the determination on the part of authorities to allow only so much ground to be covered as can be thoroughly assimilated and in a sense exhausted, together with the simultaneous training in individual strenuousness and effective co-operation which is the moral basis of all combined games, and backed up by well organized holiday camps by the sea: such a course ought to produce a new type of elementary schoolboy: alert, resourceful, determined, vigorous, aggressive; not hesitating to take the initiative for fear he was wrong or presumptuous, self-reliant and plucky in defeat; a spiritual and—within his limits—an intellectual athlete; possessed of the rudiments of self-mastery and self-direction; able to concentrate and persist; and at the same time possessing sufficient handiness, adventurousness, and all-round adaptability to feel at home in novel situations. The Infant School pupil is adventurous and daring to a degree; the "elder scholar" more than correspondingly passive and hesitating when left to himself in school.

It is not too much to ask of our elementary schools that

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they should give us in return for the millions they cost us, not so many thousand children a year more or less satisfactorily packed with facts, but the same number of young Britons whose faculties and energies have been roused into activity by the most strenuous training we know how to give them. A training of this description can certainly be given to the normal boy since he is in the Stoic stage of his development. The higher virtues blossom later ; it is a mistake to expect altruism in children of elementary school age. If we can give them plenty of healthy exercise for their activities, we are doing almost all we can for them at this stage. The training of faculty is of course already the acknowledged end of the elementary school ; but for a variety of reasons this training is not so effective as it might be made. In the industrial struggle it is the moral fibre which tells even more than the technical training ; and if general intellectual effectiveness be added to moral grit, unemployment will have lost some at least of its terrors : *laborare est orare*.

A satisfactory day school course will induce a certain proportion of those who pass through it to go on with their training in evening schools ; and if a greater connexion between employers and the day school were to be established—a state of affairs which the latest Scotch Education Act seeks to bring about—the importance of the evening school would soon become apparent to many who are still blind to its value. If employers made a practice of applying to schools for the boys they needed, many a boy would be saved from a bad spell of drift, and the employer would be saved from the deterioration which such a spell must always work in a boy fresh from school.*

* The following circular used to be distributed by the Education Authority of a northern town every May in connexion with its Central school :—

In July next several boys attending the School of Science attached to this School will be ready to take situations ; and as the course through

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The habit of intellectual activity would not be broken if the boy went straight from school to a definite work, and it would hardly need a word from the employer to induce the boy to join an evening class conducted very likely by one of his former day school teachers.

which they have passed differs from that of the ordinary elementary school in the amount of time and attention given to Laboratory work, Geometry, Mathematics, and Manual Training, these boys should prove useful in situations in which a certain amount of manipulative skill and accuracy is of value in beginners.

The scientific instruction they have received consists of Theoretical and Practical Chemistry—the latter including in the highest class the analysis of salts and alloys, quantitative work, and the preparation of compounds; Physics, theoretical and practical; Geometry, of which the elementary course is sufficient for the plain straightforward work of a drawing office, while in the advanced stage a course sufficient for all the ordinary requirements of a draughtsman is taken; Mathematics, including Euclid, Algebra, and Trigonometry; and Manual Training, in which the boys make wooden models from their own isometric drawings.

A course of Freehand drawing also forms part of the scheme of instruction, and some of the boys have shown aptitude in the simpler forms of design.

It should be stated that, though the course is educational and not technical in its aim, yet the boys who have passed through it have incidentally gained scientific knowledge, and have become accustomed to the handling and fitting-up of apparatus and to the use of the chemical balance.

They have also been trained to make accurate observations and to write clear accounts, illustrated by sketches and diagrams of the apparatus used, of the experiments they have performed.

A knowledge of Shorthand and some acquaintance with French may also be mentioned as possibly useful parts of the boys' intellectual equipment. They are usually about fourteen or fifteen years of age when they leave school.

Any further information will be gladly supplied by the Head Master.

The Association of Head Masters of Higher Grade Schools (now renamed Head Masters of Municipal Secondary Schools) recommended the above circular to its members as likely to prove useful.

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In London teachers are being provided with circulars to be sent to the parents of boys about to leave. These circulars point out the necessity for definite work and not casual employment, and give information as to the directions in which definite work is to be sought. If the school became a boy-labour bureau, much of the present-day drifting and many of the unsatisfactory employments now so common among boys would doubtless disappear. Employers who wished to engage boys on terms unfair to the boys might find a difficulty eventually in picking up the boys they require.

Once a member of an evening school, the boy's chances in life are considerably increased ; for there he can choose among a variety of technical and business courses, and so widen his knowledge of other means of livelihood. To a boy so attached dismissal from a temporary place is less serious than it is for the ordinary errand or shop boy ; the evening work not only keeps him intellectually fit and morally self-respecting, he is also likely to hear of other posts, and to qualify for other lines through the school's agency. It will probably be generally agreed that it would be better for the evening school to make its way by its intrinsic value and attractiveness rather than by compulsion. The evening school is the corollary to the day schools, but it need not therefore be made compulsory, however deplorable the wastage at the age of fourteen may be at present. To make it compulsory would be to spoil it for the students who now attend voluntarily, since the "pressed" students might need to be dealt with by methods which, once introduced, would have to be applied to all, willing and unwilling, alike. And there is evidence that the evening schools are already drawing in voluntary students with accelerating rapidity. Thus in Rotherham, of the boys who left day school last year one-fifth joined evening classes. This year one-third joined ; while for the girls, the corresponding figures are one-tenth and one-fifth. Eighty per cent of the girls who leave remain at home, and

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these ought certainly to enter upon evening domestic courses, which could be taken by the married women teachers whom local authorities are now turning out of the day schools.

There is not the same objection to specific instruction in wage-earning subjects in the evening school as there is in the day school, since evening school students are already placed and distributed among the various occupations, and therefore the local authority may well give them the instruction each student has found necessary for his work.

But it must not be thought that the evening schools are filled merely with students of bread-and-butter subjects. Once the habit of evening study has been acquired, the more humane courses of the syllabus attract the students and classes in literature, history and pure science flourish. Voluntary societies, rambling clubs, literary and Shakespeare societies often spring up spontaneously in these schools, and in a very real sense the evening school, especially on its non-utilitarian side, may be said to be the flower of the elementary school system, since it represents the proportion of the children who have been given a desire to carry on their education. In these societies, and indeed in the ordinary literary work of the evening school, interest is keenest and sometimes feeling strongest on social questions. On one occasion a discussion grew so warm that an elderly Scot in the class called out impatiently, "This isn't Hyde Park!"

Thus, even from the point of view of effective literary training—the aim apparently of our present-day school system—a change which would give the elementary school children more attack, and so render them more economically effective, ought to be welcomed; for a regularly occupied, self-supporting worker who has kept up his habit of learning is more likely to prove an efficient citizen, and is even more likely to take an interest in the higher activities, than is one whose earlier education, however literary, however full of "civics"

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and the like, has yet left him deficient in "go." Moreover the time given in a "motor" school to literature and art is likely to be more productive of good results in these subjects than the same time spent in school under present conditions; for the children would be fresher and more alive and the teacher freer in his methods. Thus there is no "degradation of the people's schools" in the suggestion that their point of view should be reconsidered. They would train for life all the more effectively by developing the vitality of their pupils. That is all.

The Kindergarten has not degraded the fine literary ideals of the Infant School; and Elementary School children are only a few years older than infants.

LOCAL OPTION IN NEW ZEALAND

BY EDITH SEARLE GROSSMANN

THE New Zealand experiment of Local Option, though it has been strangely ignored by other countries, has been at least as remarkable as the experiments made in the United States. In this reform the Dominion has been as enterprising as in regard to woman suffrage, old age pensions, land and labour legislation, and not one of these has been the cause of such a fierce and prolonged warfare. The enthusiasm of the Anti-Liquor or Prohibition party, as they are called, has roused up the trade to bitter opposition, and the two organised camps divide the country. Slander and caricature, rowdiness and threats, and Press misrepresentations have been employed against the prohibition fanatics, and, contrary to the usual colonial custom, women have not been spared any more than men. They have taken a large share in the fight—perhaps, indeed, the heaviest share. The trade has fought tooth and claw against its own extinction, otherwise the Dominion would by this time have presented throughout its length and breadth the spectacle of a country without a single licensed bar. At the last general poll much the larger part of the country voted in favour of No-license, but by the present law a bare majority is not sufficient to carry No-license. Consequently, in the larger number of districts the country has been for three years ruled by the will of a minority of voters.

The whole situation is entirely different in New Zealand and in the kingdom. New Zealand has been for fifteen years under a régime of Local Option, and the most active fighting has been taken out of the sphere of national politics and become local.

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By the law of 1895, supplementing that of 1893, the country is divided into licensing districts. In each of these a poll is taken every three years—(1) for continuance of the existing number of licenses, (2) for reduction, (3) for the refusal of all licenses. This has given rise to the popular battle cry of "Strike out the top line," i.e. the vote for continuance. Either continuance or reduction may be carried in the usual way by a majority of the votes recorded, but by an extraordinary clause, in order to carry No-license, three-fifths of the total number of votes recorded must be in favour of it. The Prohibitionists have, as a whole, fought hard for the substitution of the bare majority in place of this clause, though a small section amongst them has made up its mind to be contented with things as they are, since the law also makes the three-fifths majority necessary in order to restore a régime of license when it has been once taken away. This is not really a fair compensation, as the Prohibitionists have not so much cause to fear that licenses will be restored as the liquor party have to fear that No-license will be carried by the bare majority vote. The Prohibitionists have now a double object—to agitate locally in each district so that the three-fifths majority may be secured for their side, and, in the second place, to get the law changed. A private member's Bill was to have been introduced in favour of the bare majority this year.

No attempt has been made to prevent any man from importing liquor for his own use, and for this reason Mr. Reeves ("State Experiments in Australia, New Zealand") objects to the use of the term Prohibition as applied to districts where all bars are closed. No compensation is given to brewers, publicans, or shareholders, but though this may have reduced the incomes of some wealthy families, I have never heard of any family being brought to poverty and ruin in consequence, and I doubt if a genuine case could be found.

The all-important question is the working of Local Option.

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By the usual majority vote, forty-two out of sixty-eight districts would now have No-license, but as it is there are only six—Clutha, the first experiment, three of the larger towns, Invercargill, Oamaru, and Ashburton, one suburb of Auckland, and one country district. Not one place has gone back to the sale of liquor after having given it up; but owing to the fact that the boundaries of the licensing districts were changed, there are one or two places in which liquor was formerly prohibited and in which it can now be sold. In many districts, though all the hotels have not been closed, their number has been reduced.

But, everyone asks, does Prohibition really prohibit? The liquor agents say emphatically, "No," but are they impartial judges? It is true that Prohibitionists are also, in one sense, partizans, but they are actuated by disinterested convictions of right and wrong, and they are not biased by the interests of their own pockets. It is a rather suspicious circumstance that when the Liquor party want to prove the failure of Prohibition they go to America for evidence, instead of referring to the non-licensed districts in the colony itself. But what most of all refutes their own arguments is their bitter and persistent opposition to the No-license campaign. One fact is quite certain, if the brewers really believed that they could sell as much liquor when the hotels were closed as before, they would not raise a clamour about their own approaching spoliation and ruin.

Until the experiment includes the whole of New Zealand it must remain an imperfect one, and the larger the scale on which it is made the less liable it is to be interfered with from outside. Of course, it is not possible to isolate a district here and there, and liquor can always be imported into places where there is no hotel. Before going into the evidences of success, it may be as well to say that I do not formally belong to the Prohibition party. My own convictions are those of one who was brought

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up with totally different views, and who has been forced to see the dehumanising effects of drink on men and women, the impossibility of preventing excess under the present system, and the benefit of removing temptation from the morally weak. There is no reasonable doubt that drunkenness and crime decrease when the public bars are closed. This fact was plainly admitted by one of the colonial newspapers which has waged a long war with the prohibitionists. In a recent letter a temperance worker says she questioned the wives of men who were formerly notorious drunkards in Ashburton, and was told that their husbands might still get a little drink now and then, but they no longer came home drunk. This exactly fits in with what I saw while staying in a lonely No-license district. The up-country hotel in the colony is generally the scene of constant brawls and rowdyism and the source of most of the tragedies and vices in the neighbourhood, but here, during two months, I did not see a single person the worse for drink, though I do not doubt that people sometimes sold a glass of whisky or beer surreptitiously. The Liquor Party's pious dread of illegality and deception is highly entertaining, since everyone knows that there are daily and nightly breaches of the law in licensed places. The daughter of a wealthy hotel-keeper told me it was impossible to prevent this, and that the police would be "down" on any publican who did keep the regulation hours and turn out prohibited and drunken persons. Policemen are themselves amongst the offenders.

Decrease of drunkenness brings other benefits. In Ashburton, e.g., there has been much more money put into the Savings Bank than before. In Invercargill crime has decreased in a remarkable manner. At every session since No-license was carried, the presiding Justice of the Supreme Court has complimented the district on this fact. In 1907 Mr. Justice Williams observed, "There has been practically a total absence of crime during the last three months." On the other hand,

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in the licensed town of Christchurch, last Christmas, when commenting on a heartrending case of a man who killed his mate in a drunken brawl, the coroner said, "I must say that this is one of the many cases arising directly or indirectly through drink. Fully 50 per cent of the cases that come before me are more or less connected with drink. After thinking the matter over I am sometimes almost persuaded to become a Prohibitionist."

Public opinion in New Zealand inclines more and more to temperance; drunkenness, which was in the early days treated with humorous indulgence, is now stigmatised even by the trade. Though the revenue may have diminished, general prosperity has not been affected.

In Invercargill the general rates have increased by three-sixteenths of a penny in the pound; the valuations of property have increased; all the buildings formerly used as hotels are now in use for other purposes, and many are paying higher rents than before.

The parliamentary elections are to take place this October or November, and the licensing poll is taken at the same time. Prohibitionists are bracing themselves up for a victorious campaign. In the House of Representatives they have a section in their favour; there are five temperance members in the Upper House and two are cabinet ministers. The present Premier is more friendly (or less antagonistic) to the cause than the late Mr. Seddon, very likely owing to the change of public feeling towards Prohibition. Perhaps before many years have passed, the Dominion may provide another extraordinary object-lesson to the rest of the Empire.

Since the above article was written, the Local Option vote has been taken at the November elections in New Zealand. Seven new districts have voted for prohibition and ten for reduction of the existing number of licenses. All the former No-license districts have again voted for prohibition, with

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increased majorities in all cases except one. So that at present thirteen out of sixty-five districts in the Dominion have chosen to put themselves under a régime of No-license, and that not by the vote of the usual bare majority but by three-fifths of the total number of votes recorded, and not through any sudden desire for change, but after having had some sixteen years of experimentation under their own eyes. These proofs of success are much more conclusive than if one sweeping law had been made and applied to the whole colony.

A SUGGESTION FOR THE DEVELOPMENT OF THE SCHOOL MISSION

BY THE REV. CECIL GRANT, M.A.,
Head Master of St. George's School, Harpenden.

WHETHER we speak of it as a division between rich and poor or between educated and uneducated, or between washed and unwashed or between classes and masses, there is, in fact, an unchristian barrier between man and man. This barrier is doubtless partly caused by the social condition of the poor, but it is also largely a cause of that condition. The failure, for example, of the miner or the mill-hand earning good wages to spend those wages upon the things that make for dignity of life, is directly due to the iron gate that shuts off communication between class and class. And this failure is a more serious evil than the limitations for which sheer poverty is answerable.

In any case, the real burden upon our conscience is not that certain human beings lead squalid lives (we trouble very little about the lives led by Chinamen), but that professing the second great Christian commandment, we are so little successful in obeying it.

Now, in our uneasiness we have tried various plans to quiet our conscience. We began, for example, by offering our poorer brethren the franchise. It has not been a success. We tried free education. Unfortunately, the method adopted has made it a questionable boon. We have tried sheer giving, hoping to quiet our conscience by a cheque for the nearest hospital—for anything that presented itself. Happily, conscience is incorruptible. We have been trying Christian Socialism. It is swamped,

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for the moment, by the rising flood of political socialism. But we had a happier inspiration when we resolved to teach the boys of our public schools that the working-man, the working-boy (the adjective in this case is fairly distinguishing), is in real truth a brother, for whose welfare they cannot avoid responsibility. It was an inspiration, because whilst the grown man can learn or unlearn desperately little, the boy is capable of anything, and because in this matter of classes the boy (as I know by sure and certain experience) has no atom of natural snobbery. True, it requires so little effort to turn a boy into a snob, and so many people all round him are prepared to make the effort, that I shall not be surprised to hear that many have thought snobbery to be inborn in boys. But such is by no manner of means the case.

I say, then, that the idea which underlay School Missions was an inspiration, and I will go further and assert that much true work done in the service of humanity has resulted from the movement. Whatever it has or has not done towards improving the condition of East End life, it has done in its time not a little towards improving the condition of public school life. But a good many mistakes were made (naturally enough) at the start, and our public schools are tending (I think characteristically) to add the mistakes to their traditions but to lose the true enthusiasm, which at first brought abundant harvests even with faulty methods of urbiculture.

The first and worst of these mistakes has been made "on the premises" of the public schools. Almost from the start much too much emphasis was laid upon "giving," and you find now the mission that has degenerated into "getting the 'governor' to fork out a quid" on the last day of the holidays, and just possibly taking some toll of the quid, as it passed through. I have known such things to happen.

Now giving of money is the service least useful, either to the giver or the receiver. When it does not entail real self-denial,

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it is worse than useless. Even in the case of our boys and girls who have given out of their poverty, and without being asked to give, I have yet found far less blessing from money-gifts than from the flowers they have planted or picked in the meadows, the things they have made in the carpenter's shop, the dolls they have dressed, the cricket matches they have played, the babies they have nursed.

Then there is the headmaster's address or the missionary's address, pointing out to the boys of Rugchester that as they are the chosen and *élite* of all England, *noblesse oblige*, that they should provide soup kitchens for the interesting but benighted denizens of the East End, a place they might even find it instructive to visit some day or other in lieu of the Zoo, whilst it is darkly hinted that later on one of them might even experience a mysterious call to go and work amongst them as Father Damian did amongst the lepers.

This is doubtless to put things at their worst, but I fear that it cannot be denied that the result of the School Mission in only too many cases has been rather to accentuate than to diminish the unchristian barrier between the son of the self-made man at Rugchester and the slum-child of Whitechapel, though their grandfathers perhaps lived and toiled in the same mean street or on the same open road.

But the mistakes in the public school have been assisted in their growth by mistakes at the other end in the use made of the money subscribed. First it has been too frequently emptied straight into the bottomless ocean of an East End parish's need, so that nothing of what happened to it could be traced, the donor being left with a comfortable idea that owing to his munificence there would be plenty of coal or coke in that part of the world about Christmas-time. Secondly, it has either been given to the vicar of a parish to distribute, or the school has itself found a parson's salary and started a mission church, so that the idea has been perpetuated that the people really

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responsible for social work amongst the poor are the clergy, and that all the laity have to do is to answer their appeals for help with generosity, varying according to convenience. And the result of it all is that though it is more than half a century since—as an observant Frenchman said—Arnold bridged over the gulf between rich and poor, the Public Schools are still—the Public Schools ; and the East End is still—the East End.

Now it is much easier to find fault than to suggest remedies. What are the practical proposals which I have to put before you ?

Well, after all, it is a practical proposal that we should take steps to awaken in our public and secondary schools a fresh and more lively interest in the real problem—that we should get those schools which have a mission to ask themselves whether it is quite on satisfactory lines ; that we should encourage the several hundred schools which have as yet no mission to make now a start, and, profiting by past errors, a good and wise start. We might say to the secondary schools, Have missionaries by all means—they are badly wanted—but let their mission-field be the secondary schools, and their mission to preach in and out of season that for the rich to live thus divorced from the life of the great mass of their fellow-countrymen is to live in a state of sin. Or rather let them not use violent words by which boys and girls would be frightened and repelled, but dwell simply and untiringly on just the facts—on the one side the life and teaching of Jesus Christ, on the other the life of London, West and East.

If you ask me whether I have myself no more detailed policy to suggest, I confess at once that I have such a policy cut-and-dried, and that I am going to push it for all that it is worth and to seek all the help for it that I can get. But I am far from presuming to hope to carry you with me at once into such detail as that, and for the moment I will content myself with indicating broadly the lines upon which I should wish to work.

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First I wish to get as many other schools as possible to join with my school in our efforts (I shall not, by the way, use the word mission, as it has become associated with patronage). There are important reasons for wanting other schools to join. What we want to do—as I think—is to find or produce experts to tell us what our duty is. Now it is clear that one such expert might impart his discoveries to a great number of schools. So long as the idea was merely to send a missionary to convert the East End, each separate school could send one for itself; but the new idea is to find missionaries to convert ourselves, to bring to bear upon the united conscience of our secondary schools all the light and leading we can obtain as to what should be the signs and fruits of our repentance.

I should describe it as a society for learning (*a*) by the help of what expert advice is available, and (*b*) by means of independent experience how we may best fulfil our duty towards our neighbours.

For this purpose the more we can combine the better. There is no reason why the larger or wealthier schools, which have already put their hands to certain work, should not join such an association as I have indicated without giving up their existing enterprises.

But another reason for getting as many schools as possible to join us will be frankly the desire to have at disposal a much larger income than one school can raise. If we want to get real help from real experts, we must be prepared to pay for it. I should like to be able to say to Canon Barnett: "Find us the best man in England to devote himself to leading us out of darkness into light; and let him gather others round him to help him in this urgent task. We will pay them what you think proper." Now it is obvious that one school, subscribing £100 a year, cannot do this; but 200 schools, subscribing £20,000 a year, could do it handsomely.

But, of course, I do not mean that the one and only thing

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necessary is to sit and be lectured by experts. Of one thing I am entirely sure ; it is that the very core and essence of one's duty towards one's neighbour is personal service. The problem might be restated in these terms. What is the true way to serve ? The answer to the question I do not pretend to have at my tongue's end, but I am very sure that it does not consist in a day's slumming, or even a month at Oxford House, though this may be invaluable as an experience. I have no doubt that it consists mainly in purging one's natural life and daily work and habitual outlook of the *idola specus*, the fallacies of one's own small corner, but even this can only be done by experiment, and experiment is costly. It is only by wasting a large sum of money on roundabout methods that a community can discover that the really valuable life can be lived without expense. So here is another reason for as many schools as possible joining forces. But however large an income we may have at our disposal, I hope that we shall not attempt to run a parish or a district with it. It is an excellent thing to associate one's efforts with a locality and a name. My own school owes more to the word Limehouse than to any other names in the language save God and St. George, and will (I hope) make ever more and more of the connexion. But it is not the duty of a school or of two hundred schools to be either rector or municipal council or pauperising agency. What we could do, if we combined, with much profit to our own morals and possibly some to the whole body politic, would be to conduct certain careful experiments—one at a time to begin with—which, if successful, might influence municipal or public policy—if unsuccessful, might at least save the nation from making a similar false step on a much larger scale.

I will take one illustration of the kind of experiment I mean. As you read "practical" difficulties will rush to your minds. But I hope that you will remember that excellent definition that practical difficulties are such as disappear in practice.

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Well, there can be no doubt, I suppose, however violently we believe in parental responsibility, that some of the children, even in the slum districts, would be better at a boarding-school. Again, there can be no doubt that what most helps a public-school boy to put off the snobbery which his relatives have carefully wrapt round him is to be brought into personal contact on level terms with boys and girls of a very different social standing. One of my experiments, then, will be to persuade certain parents living in a badly overcrowded area to entrust their children to a school home, planted as near as I can get it to my own school gates, paying me what their children's food and clothing was previously costing them. There I should provide for them an education very different (I confess with fear and trembling) from the ordinary elementary pattern. Knowing that there is no suspicion of red tape about the L.C.C. Education Committee or the Board of Education, I should confidently appeal to them for the ordinary grants.

But it is out of school that I should revel in experiments. The children should share my boys' and girls' playing-fields, share their hobbies, share their farming and gardening, share their walks and nature studies, their pets and pigs and poultry. Above all, they should share in the school chapel. I have provided against fifty of the practical difficulties your penetration immediately suggests to you, but I will spare you a recital of them.

I do not expect you to agree with me that this experiment will end by solving the problem of overcrowding, but I could ask you to be inclined to admit that it might, wisely handled, be of benefit to my own boys and girls. For, with my closing words, I come back to my original point. The really urgent problem confronts the West End, not the East. There is many a hooligan sleeping under a bridge with an easier conscience than yours or mine.

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"Who gave us nobler loves, and nobler cares."

BY GEORGE HARE LEONARD

Sometime Warden of the Broad Plain House, Bristol.

THE title I have taken for this paper is borrowed, of course, from the familiar poem in which Wordsworth complains of the petty chatter of men and women—perhaps he is thinking of his country neighbours—who have nothing better to do, it would appear, than mind other people's business and season their firesides with "personal talk."

For himself, he has no taste for gossip—

Better than such discourse doth silence long,
Long, barren silence, square with my desire ;
To sit without emotion, hope, or aim,
In the loved presence of my cottage-fire,
And listen to the flapping of the flame
Or kettle whispering its faint undersong.

Not that Wordsworth was lacking in interests—who had less cause than he to sit in *barren* silence, listening to the flapping of the flame? He found his pleasure everywhere—in wilderness and wood, "blank ocean and mere sky." Outside his cottage at Town-end stretched the waters of the lake—beyond lay the mountains that he loved. Within the delightful room, which you may still see at Grasmere—"half kitchen and half parlour"—he had, in his small library, what was to him the substantial world of books. In them he met with men of the past ages, who gave him—

Nobler loves, and nobler cares—
The Poets, who on earth have made us heirs
Of truth, and pure delight by heavenly lays.

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Here he found "personal themes" enough. He mentions two, you remember, pre-eminently dear—

The gentle lady married to the Moor,
And heavenly Una with her milk-white Lamb.

For him—may we not *almost* say?—Shakespeare unlocked his heart; for him Spenser opened the gates of Faëry.

Who shall tell what we owe to those, who first, in the spring-time of life, lead us into the paths of literature, whither men turn from petty anxieties and sordid interests to find nobler loves and nobler cares? And there are, of course, other paths, full of the spirit of wise delight, into which we are more or less consciously drawn perhaps for the first time in our College days.

Here in Oxford¹ life is sweet. It is full of interests. Here the smaller gossip of the village and country town, one may suppose, is rarely heard. You are so rich! You have this wonderful city dreaming amidst its spires. The very stones speak to you. There is no spot without its tradition. Your halls, your college rooms, your streets and lanes, your gardens, your shady walks, and shadowy streams, are all so full of gay and solemn memories. Everywhere you are haunted by splendid ghosts.

And the present claims you so insistently.

Here the river of life flows at the flood. You have your work, your sports, your clubs, your philanthropies, your books, your pictures—your *friends*. Yes, here you have friends whom you are making now for good or ill; friends who are moulding your life, whose lives you are moulding; friends whom you will keep—some of them, please God, till your dying day. You are much richer than you know. Oxford, and all that Oxford means, is yours. And, indeed, the world is yours. In the vacations you are making famous foreign cities, alpine

¹ This paper was first read to the Livingstone Society in Oxford.

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snows, and the sea your own—and, here at home, broad moors, and quiet villages and happy English homes. You have a goodly heritage.

“Joy, pleasure, beauty, kindness, glory, love,
Sleep, day, life, light,
Peace, melody; my sight
My ears and heart did fill and freely move,
All that I saw, did me delight.
The universe was then a world of treasure,
To me a universal world of pleasure.”¹

You can still take those sounding, rediscovered lines for your own. These things are yours. You—some of you—can follow the old poet who moves so dimly in the seventeenth century, in that large prose of his, which seems more wonderful even than his poetry. It is not too audacious for you. “The skies,” he says, “were mine, and so were the sun and moon and stars, and all the world was mine.” “Was mine,” —*is ours*, if we will have it so. If you—remembering your birth, your education, your environment here—if you, with all your chances, do not enter into your heritage, it is your own fault. And to some extent, no doubt, all of you do claim your heritage. You know you are very rich. You do not want for interests, and high interests, and yet even here—I am not thinking of the bad side of Oxford life—even here amongst so much that is incontestably, honourable, pure, lovely, and of good report, a call may come—does come—to nobler loves and nobler cares.

There was a man once—a young man—whom, it is said, that Jesus loved. The phrase may well arrest the attention of even a casual reader. There is something irresistibly attractive for all time in the shadowy figure of the man, rich in character, rich, one must suppose, in the indefinable thing we call “charm,” a man “with great possessions”—such as many of you have

¹ Thomas Traherne, of Brasenose College, *Poetical Works*, page 9.

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here. Some think he made "the great refusal." Others believe that he went away sorrowful only to return with all his wealth because—because he could not stay away. We may guess; we can never know. You remember how he came, with his character, his good record, a man who had fallen into no vicious course, who could accuse himself of no fault, who had done the things—so it could but appear—that he ought to have done, who honoured his father and mother, and loved his neighbours, but who yet found it in his heart to ask—wistfully—"What lack I yet?" He had a dim struggling sense of nobler cares beyond any he had ever known. "What lack I yet?" Jesus showed him his heart. Shall I emphasise the fact that He pointed to the poor?—at least He called him to a life of service, following One who came not to be ministered unto but to minister.

You have had men in Oxford—where more?—who have borne the burden of the nobler cares. Men not indifferent to the claims of learning, to the demands of academic affairs and University society, to all the calls of all the little splendid world you live in here. Some of them parted with their heritage—or seemed to part with it—and gave themselves to the poor—"the poor," in whatever class, or from whatever continent, they heard their cry. They, at all events, did not make the great refusal.

But, for my part, I do not press for any literal imitation of Christ—the spirit is all. He may be closely followed, I know, in the academic walk—in the laboratory, in the library, in the museum, in the daily round of University duty, in its common—or uncommon—tasks. Yet you will not forget that many from this place, not belonging to any one school, not formed, by any means, on one pattern, have spent and been spent in the direct service of man. They were not able to rest until they had "devoted themselves"—I borrow from the words you use as your motto—"to the alleviation of human misery." When

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they reach Heaven, you know there will be great words for them to hear, and a great welcome to receive.

And I venture to ask—diffidently, and feeling how little right I have to ask the question—but still, remembering these things, I do venture to ask—"Is the supply being kept up—will it be kept up in the days to come?" Will men—rich, as we have been thinking of riches here—take their part in bearing the great burdens, and accept the nobler cares?

Do you remember the anxiety of the little American tradesman—some of you will remember him from Charles Lamb, who loved him—who, as a mere boy, began to wonder whether the men of his own day cared as much about righteousness as men had done in days gone by? Some of you will remember how John Woolman, the tailor, wrote: "From what I had read and heard, I believed there had been in past ages, people who walked in uprightness before God in a degree exceeding any that I knew or heard of now living; and the apprehension of there being less steadiness and firmness amongst people in the present age often troubled me when I was a child."

That simple entry may well burn itself into the hearts and minds of thoughtful men in Oxford to-day. Do men care here for the great things as they did?

I have come to you from Bristol, the city where I was born, and where I have made my home. Canon Barnett—one of your own Oxford men—was preaching to us the other day in our Cathedral. He told us we were a "pleasant people" in our western city. He pointed out that we had much to enjoy, and, indeed, ours is a delightful country. Where will you find a situation more beautiful than ours at Clifton, with the high downs, white with the hawthorns in June, and the Avon below, running through the great gorge down to the shining Severn Sea? He reminded us that we had money—a fair share of it—and the things money can buy; and many interests—interests good, and wholesome, and right; but then, with great plainness

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of speech, he said he thought we did not care as we should, for the general welfare of the city.

He gave us statistics, a long string of bald facts, but they had a painful eloquence of their own. He told us about the little children who died in the poorer parts of Bristol, who would not die if the conditions of life were changed; of the death-rate for people of all ages where men were crowded together, as they need not be crowded together if better regulations were made; of boys and girls whose education at school—such as it is—was cut short because of the poverty of their parents. He told us of the number of our citizens—one in thirty—who received poor law relief, apart from the untold multitudes who are “relieved” by our many charities. He told us of our miserable courts, of the families who lived in single rooms, of the back streets in our closest neighbourhoods, only cleansed twice a week. He told us how many public-houses we had; how much disorder which could be traced to certain well-defined districts. You will not want the bare figures—it is so difficult to grasp and remember them—but as we listened, at the time, they came home to us: even the slowest of us might gather that there was much amiss.

Then he went on to speak of the only Bristol that strangers know, the Bristol seen from the railway as they travel into the West. Its dreariness is a matter of daily comment. Near the station you see the crowded dingy-coloured houses, the old narrow courts, the new monotonous streets of Bedminster with no tree or other sign of beauty. No wonder people drank—so he went on—it was the shortest way out of such surroundings. No wonder that the women idled and gossipped—how could they hope to keep a dainty home? No wonder the children died, left to play in the dirt.

He spoke of the crowds on Sunday evenings, swarming the streets with unemployed heads—a worse evil than unemployed hands. There they are at this moment, as we sit here, as sheep

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without a shepherd. Then he asked whether we were disturbed by the thought of the morrow, and the sin and suffering in our streets—whether we were moved with compassion because homes, which might have been happy, were darkened by death, disease, and poverty—whether we were roused to indignation because the children grew up in ignorance and vice. He asked whether there was even a small minority who urged, with any passion, for reasonable reforms.

The sermon was very well reported in our press, but it met with little comment. I do not think it provoked any correspondence in the papers; I do not know that it was made a matter of general conversation. And yet the questions were, and are worth asking. Do we care? Do we press for reforms with any passion?

Whatever may be true about us in Bristol, no one would deny that you are a "pleasant" people here in Oxford, but you live, even more than we do in our pleasant suburbs, "housed in a dream at distance from the kind." I know that what I am saying is perhaps less true of those whom I am addressing than of almost any other body of men I might speak to here, but I think you will accept the general truth of my statement.

The atmosphere of Oxford is *artificial*. That is what makes it, for all its charm, a dangerous place to live in long.

Where in the world have there been such enthusiasms? Where has the flame of love to God and man burned more brightly? But sometimes—have you not seen it?—that flame flickers and burns low.

I have spoken of Wordsworth's love of Nature. Once he tells us—

The sounding Cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite.

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That time with all its "dizzy raptures" passed. But with Wordsworth that feverish passion was replaced by a feeling soberer, but not less strong. Abbey and river, when he came back to them after seven years, found him consecrated still, Nature's High Priest—"unwearied in that service." But the old phrase was not now strong enough. Back into our Bristol streets he came, from that second visit to the Wye, with the familiar lines, not yet committed to paper, still running in his head :—

Unwearied in that service?—rather say
With warmer love—oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love.

We in Bristol like to remember that those great verses were written down, and afterwards printed, in our city, for Wordsworth's spring-time was with us in the West—in Bristol streets and Somersetshire lanes, or roaming on "smooth Quantock's airy ridge," where the air has a "blessing" in it, and each minute has a way of seeming sweeter than the one before.

Many men, I suppose, get something of that *passion* for nature in their University days. Suddenly, in a new way, they feel the Spring. They hear something new in the song of the thrush and see something new in the opening leaves and flowers. The skies are *theirs*, with the sun, and the moon, and all the stars. They have done with liking; they have fallen in love with Nature. I remember how this new thing came to me when I was an undergraduate at Cambridge. I remember the idle, profitable mornings when I left my books and went out into the light of things. I can see now the sluggish stream by the wilderness of St. John's, the little water-rat on the bank, looking at me, holding his breakfast in his paws—a dandelion, from which one yellow mouthful had been bitten gracefully away. I can hear now the murmur of the wood-pigeons above, where the white clouds seemed to be moving between the branches of the elms—branches too lightly laden with little

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leaves to shut out the shifting glories of the April sky. You can imagine how Nature linked to her fair works "the human soul that through me ran," for you too have felt these things in your own gardens, here under your own trees, and by your own superior streams; but—shall I tell you?—those "thrills of pleasure" are apt to grow languid, or to vanish quite away. With the cares of this world, and the deceitfulness of riches—even, perhaps, as we are counting riches now—in the manifold struggles and engagements of life, we find we are left cold. Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers.

And some men get the passion for man—the enthusiasm for humanity, and when the wild ecstasy of early days is lost, as I think it must be lost—I am not sure, for some souls are always young,—it leaves them wearied, and is replaced by no deeper zeal or holier love. I think it is right to warn you, that you may easily lose this first great love, and the danger is intensified as we root ourselves, as so many must, in pleasant places out of sight of the habitations of the poor. For "out of sight" becomes "out of mind."

There are brilliant men in Oxford who have made great positions for themselves, and who have done good service here. I do not disparage their work. Their country needs it—the world needs it. But *some* of these men know, in their best moments, that they have really failed. They have given themselves to "their work," as they call it, but it is not the work God asked of them once. They have shown something of that devotion to their studies which Browning has depicted in his Grammarian. We respect it. They will be masters, in their time, as "famous" as that primitive conqueror of the parts of speech, but there was a day when as "disciples" they might have been sent out endued "with power"; and now they pray but languidly—if they pray at all—that the kingdom may come.

I have quoted one of the Canons attached to the Cathedral Church in my own city. I will quote another. Just before he

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died, Canon Ainger, writing to one, well known to some of you here, said, "I have tried to lay stress upon the things that matter."¹ In a way, you may think, he had given himself to Literature; he was a wit, a sayer of good things, essentially a "man of letters," but he *did* care—and it is a great phrase—for "the things that matter." Browning's Grammarian, that narrowly splendid son of the Renaissance, gave up his whole life—for so it was if you face it squarely—for the things which, after all, do not matter very much. He lost touch with reality. "This man decided not to Live but Know." He did not live.

But we are sent here to live. We feel—do we not?—that we must come into touch with life, with the life of men, and it is not very easy in this place.

There they are somewhere—"neighbours" in the great sense of the word—who want us, but we do not know them: we do not even know *how* to know them. Waves of enthusiasm come, but they pass away. There are men in every University who have not known the time of their visitation. They had their chance once. They did not take it. Now sometimes, perhaps, in awful moments, they know it. God has given them, what they allowed to become their "heart's desire," and sent—so runs the terrible, inevitable law—"leanness into their soul."²

Some day—it must be—they will stand before the throne, and Christ will say—"I was an hungered, and ye gave Me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave Me no drink: I was a stranger, and ye took Me not in: naked, and ye clothed Me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited Me not." The old words will serve. They mean for us, amongst other things, "You took no interest in the unemployed and the unemployable; you did not study the Temperance problem; you did not sit on any of the innumerable Committees, and take your

¹ Letter to the Rev. H. Arnold Thomas, quoted in the *Life*, p. 344.

² Psalm cvi. 15.

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share in administering charity at once humanely and wisely. You did not care to count any humble people amongst your friends. In a word, you did not 'do good' to the poor and helpless, as good may be done in these modern days. 'I was an hungered and ye gave Me no meat'—so the words will come—so they must come—and I suppose it will be scarcely worth while to stammer out 'when saw we *Thee* an hungered or athirst?' We shall know too well.

I hope I am making myself understood. I hope I am not censorious nor narrow-minded. I do not wish to be. You will hardly guess how humbly I say these things, speaking first to myself with great searching of heart, and only in the second place to you. I most sincerely believe that God calls many to the service of Science, of Art, of Literature, of Affairs. The whole of learning's "crabbed text" has to be mastered, the world of beauty unfolded, the mysteries of science solved. Men are still wanted to serve God "in the State." To these high duties the time of most of us, no doubt, must be loyally, and religiously, given. We are "called" to these things—if, indeed, we *are* called! But I believe also in a vocation—certainly no less clear—to the direct service of our fellow-men. I think such calls come to many University men in their College days—to some, indeed,—why not?—to devote all their time, all they have, and are—and *may be*—to the nobler cares. It is theirs to leave the "fields of ambition, where the labourers are many, and the harvest not worth carrying away,"¹ for the world itself, where the harvest is so great, and where the labourers are still so few. It is theirs to leave great services, which may be honourably performed by honourable men, for nobler loves and nobler cares.

"Oh, Erasmus come and help us!" wrote Albrecht Dürer, himself called for the most part to serve God as an etcher on

¹ See the fine Preface, rarely read, to *The Traveller*, dedicated to the Rev. Henry Goldsmith, by his brother.

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copper, when the report of Luther's death—a false report as it happened—brought dismay into the hearts of those who had begun the life-and-death struggle with Rome. But Erasmus—the “University man” shall we call him?—never came. Shall we blame him, knowing what he was, his fastidious ways, his dislike of violence, and his belief no doubt, that he had his own peculiar work to do?

In some moods it is not easy to get away from the thought that he might have done something more than he did to serve his generation, if he had been less fastidious, and had more of the stuff of the martyrs in him. It does seem as if overmuch—

He shunned the common stain and smutch,
From soilure of ignoble touch
Too grandly free

—too fastidiously free. But if not Erasmus, some leader—some thinker—was wanted, and, to us, that ancient appeal,¹ with all its pathos, comes echoing down the ages. It is not easy to judge the old scholar at Basle, to whom the world indubitably owes so many things that made for freedom and righteousness. Probably opinion will always be divided about him. But we can judge of ourselves. Are we obedient to the heavenly vision?—or does One still look and find none to help, and wonder that there is none to uphold?

The calls for social service are many in our day, but we cannot help seeing that they are not being properly responded to by educated men. Men are not moved by the feudal motto—*Noblesse oblige*—as they were in times gone by. It was a tradition that an English gentleman was always at the disposal of his country, ready, when wanted, to take up public duty at

¹ “Oh! Erasmus of Rotterdam, where art thou? See what the unjust tyranny of earthly power, the power of darkness, can do. Hear, thou Knight of Christ! Ride forth by the side of the Lord Christ, defend the truth, gain the martyr's crown!”—Albrecht Dürer's *Tagebuch der Reise in die Neiderlande*, quoted in the *History of the Reformation*, T. M. Lyndsay.

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home and abroad, but men are not so ready now—not so ready, at all events, for hum-drum service in the city or the town, which may indeed prove tedious and vexatious, and bring them into troublesome contact with men of a commoner clay. I know, of course, how many University men, at no small cost to themselves, serve the City of Oxford in Municipal and other affairs, but throughout the country, in the cities and towns, where most of you will make your homes, it is not so. There the old spirit does not spread fast enough for national and local needs. How few men of education and position come forward to serve on Town Councils, or Boards of Guardians, or on Charity Committees! How difficult it is to get younger men who will take up responsible work at a Settlement, or even attend with fair regularity at a Boys' Club.

And why is there this difficulty? Is it not that partly, no doubt, from want of knowledge, men do not care, as they ought to care, about these things? That is an anxiety which may well fill the hearts of Oxford men to-day, as a similar anxiety weighed down the heart of the obscure Quaker tradesman in the American colony long ago.

Where is the "enthusiasm of humanity" which moved men a quarter of a century ago? That Cambridge phrase¹ I suppose is stale by now. Is the thing stale? Are we so taken up with our own affairs that we cannot recognize the sacred duty of minding other people's business? Doing good work, are we indifferent to the better work,—the nobler cares? Cannot men be moved with compassion as the close followers of Christ were moved?

Were Christ once back in the world, He would be free with us we know; He would not pass us by in our pleasant places, but His heart—do we not instinctively feel it?—would be amongst the poor and wretched in their misery—and sin. "I

¹ Originated, I suppose by Sir J. R. Seeley, *Ecce Homo*, Chapter cxiv. *the Enthusiasm of Humanity*.

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come," He would say again, "to seek and to save that which was lost."

Well, are we ambitious to go with Him on His search? Or do we shrink a little at the idea of being, as He was, men of sorrows and acquainted with grief? I believe that most of us need to be made acquainted in some way with grief. I am not pressing this point. His commandments are not grievous. At the heart of Christ was joy; the Christian note is joy; but I believe the roots of the highest kind of joy are struck deep in sorrow. Ignorance is bliss, no doubt, but it is a poor kind of felicity, and in the end, if we will see it, it is folly *not* to be wise. Suffering may come—must come with knowledge, for though with Fox, we may see at last "an Infinite Ocean of Light and Love" which flows over "the Ocean of Darkness," the Ocean of Darkness is there.

Ought we not to be haunted by that darkness? You remember how the young Anthony Ashley Cooper sickened when he saw the squalid misery of a pauper's funeral in his school days at Harrow, and determined, at what cost we may dimly guess, to fight the battle of the poor.¹ You know how one, who belonged to this College, came under the shadow. You remember how Matthew Arnold, in the beautiful conventions of pastoral elegy,² has told us how the trouble of the world bore down that sensitive spirit.

It irk'd him to be here, he could not rest.
He loved each simple joy the country yields,
He loved his mates; but yet he could not keep,
For that a shadow lower'd on the fields,
Here with the shepherds and the silly sheep.

¹ "When he was fourteen years old, he consciously and definitely gave his life to the service of his fellow-men. . . . At eighty-five, he exclaimed, in view of his approaching end, I cannot bear to leave the world with all the misery in it." — *The Life of Lord Shaftesbury*.

² *Thyrsis*, a monody on the death of Arthur Hugh Clough.

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Some life of men unblest,
He knew, which made him droop, and filled his head.
He went ; his piping took a troubled sound
Of storms that rage outside our happy ground.
He could not wait their passing, he is dead.

He knew as well as any one the charm and beauty of the cultured life drawn here in symbol as a "shepherd's holiday," but—

The music of his rustic flute
Kept not for long its happy country tone ;
Lost it too soon, and learnt a stormy note
Of men contention tost, of men who groan.
There was the shadow on the fields.

"Irish poor men's miseries"—it was the time of the Irish famine—and "English poor men's hardships" filled his head and made him droop.

But, to-night, it is not from Harrow or from Oxford that I would illustrate what I have to say. May I tell you of one still held in honour in my native city—a woman—a student—who was haunted by the life of men unblest, and in the end gave up many things that she might be "useful," as she puts it in her plain way, "to her fellow creatures"? Mary Carpenter was, as I have said, essentially a *student*. We smile a little perhaps—at her enthusiasm for "Conchology"—I don't think we teach "Conchology" quite in the same way now—but you see her strong leanings towards science in this old-fashioned interest in shells. She carefully read and analysed Lyell's *Geology*. She attended lectures at the Institution in Park Street, on Chemistry. She was fond of History, though "not very well acquainted with it." She especially desired to make progress in Algebra and Geometry. "She understands Greek," wrote one of her pupils later (1833), Latin, Italian, French, and every other language for anything I know to the contrary." She was interested in Natural History, she devoured Poetry, she studied

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the old masters on exhibition at the Bristol Institution. She painted in water colours and had studied the principles of Music ; and if her practising, as she tells us, was neglected, we cannot perhaps greatly wonder. She had many friends. She was rich, as you are in your different ways, but she had room in her heart for the poor. At twenty-four she was Superintendent of a Sunday School, and this brought her—as unhappily it does not bring every one who teaches in such a school—into the homes of the poor. I call them “homes,” but the sight of their dens in Lewin’s Mead and the new, first hand knowledge of their environment there, stirred her, as nothing had stirred her yet, into a sense of their bitter need.

The critical days of Mary Carpenter’s life were the days of the Bristol Riots of 1831 when hell was let loose in our streets. Old men remember those dreadful days still. My father, a little boy of six, in his country home at Brislington, dimly recalls the news of confusion and horror brought in from the city. You will let me give you Charles Kingsley’s description of that unforgettable Sunday, for he—a schoolboy then of thirteen—came in from Redland to see the fire in Queen Square, and the blaze of the Bishop’s Palace, from Brandon Hill. It was a great day in his life as it was in Mary Carpenter’s.

A lovely morning had closed in rain, he tells us, and the whole heavy vault of heaven was lit up by the flames, till a great dome—as it were of red hot iron—hung above the guilty city, and Dundry Tower, high on the distant hill, stood out an awful splendid rose against the night. The boy stood watching it until the thought of all the wickedness and ignorance of the drunken, desperate men below, made him, he said, “a Liberal.” You may ignore the political term—what he *meant* was a Reformer—a man determined, somehow, to help his fellow-men and improve their miserable condition. That riot—that burning city—was for him the outward and visible sign that

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the Kingdom of God had not yet come—and His will was not being done on earth.

Well, Mary Carpenter saw it too, that memorable day, and the contrast between the lovely October morning with the peaceful worship in Lewin's Mead Meeting, and the wet and horrible evening, which followed with its display of savage hate, and drunkenness, and hideous death under the red sky, made an impression on her sensitive spirit that nothing could efface. What could she do? She, who had so many noble cares, could consecrate her life to nobler cares. And she did so consecrate her life. Not all at once, for the thing came slowly—it was none the worse for that—but in the next year you get this written in her diary, and, later on, other similar entries follow. They are worth reading though the language sounds stiff and old-fashioned in our modern ears.

On January 1st, 1832, commenting on the condition of public affairs, she writes, "I feel deeply moved that I can do no more towards alleviating the distress of the poor, but I hope that I shall be enabled to do so"; and again, on Wednesday, March 21st, "I wish on this day appointed for public humiliation before God"—it was the Fast Day, when England was visited for the first time by the Cholera—"to record my earnest desire to become more useful to my fellow creatures, and my prayer to our Heavenly Father, to guide me by His light into the way of discovering the means, and of rightly employing them. The first and most obvious way, is by myself giving to others such an example as may lead them to glorify their Father in heaven; and I must do this by simply and humbly, but zealously and constantly, working the work of Him who placed us here. I must be careful never to neglect any certain duties for others which only appear to me useful and desirable; but when the hand of Providence does point out any way of doing good more extensively, I must engage in it with thankfulness and ardour, but with humility, caring not at all for my own

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comfort or labour. These things I have written to be a witness against me, if ever I should forget what ought to be the object of all my active exertions in this life."¹

Do people write these things in their diaries to-day, and turn to them now and again lest they forget? That too is a question worth asking. Mary Carpenter wrote them down. She did not talk about them, but she waited for "the hand of Providence to point," and she was content to wait. *She did not forget.* From time to time she renewed her vows—sometimes with hesitation—sometimes with a consciousness of her own powers. When she read of any noble doing, she felt anew the desire to serve in larger ways. She knew it was possible some great duty might be reserved for her. She was 'rich'—but she was ready to become poor. Thankfulness with her was more than a pious emotion. It made her long to give.

There is one story in her life which I like to remember, though it is one of the simplest stories in the world. One day, going through the narrow streets with Dr. Tuckerman, an American, now worn out with ten years of the "Ministry at Large,"² she saw a miserable, ragged boy, dart out of a dark entry. He crossed their path and was gone. "That child," said her companion, "should be followed to his home and seen after." Those plain words sank into her mind. Thirty-six years after she recalled them as one of the quickening moments of her life. She felt that a "duty was being neglected," and that *someone should do it.* She wanted to do it, and at last her chance came, as chances do come to those who know what they want.

The whole story of that austere and beautiful life, spent in "seeing after" boys in her native city, working out great schemes for them everywhere, and caring, indeed, for the

¹ *Life and Work of Mary Carpenter*, page 29.

² *Ibid.*, p. 45. Dr. Tuckerman had been called to the "Ministry of the Poor" in Boston, in 1823.

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welfare of all men and women, the wide world over, is too long, of course, for me to tell here, but it is summed up in noble words, in the monument raised to her memory in our Cathedral. There her old school-fellow and friend, Dr. Martineau, reminds us that she was—

Foremost among the Founders
Of reformatory and industrial schools
In this city and realm.
Neither the claims of private duty
Nor the tastes of a cultured mind
Could withdraw her compassionate eye
From the uncared-for children of the streets.
Loving them while yet unlovely,
She so formed them to the fair and good
As to inspire others to her faith and hope,
And thus led the way to a national system
Of moral rescue and preventive discipline.
Taking also to heart the grievous lot
Of oriental women.
In the last decade of her life
She four times went to India,
And awakened an active interest
In their education, and training for serious duties.
No human ill escaped her pity, or cast down her trust :
With true self-sacrifice she followed in the train of Christ,
To seek and to save that which was lost
And bring it home to the Father in Heaven.

That is but one illustration, dear to me because of its association with my own home, and useful, because it shows so well the weaning of a noble soul, from noble interests to nobler cares. Others, like Mary Carpenter, have gone their daily round, "not neglecting certain duties" but simply and humbly waiting for the hand of Providence to open the larger doors. The "tastes of a cultured mind" may easily engross the attention, and make men blind to the sorrows of the world—they have done so often!—but these—"saints" shall I call them?—let no human ill escape their pity.

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And to-day men and women are still moved with compassion when they see the multitude "scattered," and needing the shepherd's care. But, the shepherd-souls are few. What of to-morrow?

To-morrow is in your hands.

This is your time of feeling strongly. I suppose some of you are full of high resolves. Mary Carpenter wrote down her thoughts and kept them as a memorial, lest in time to come she should forget. May I venture to warn you that you may forget? Others before you, who did not feed the sacred fires, have forgotten, and now—sometimes it may be, in awful moments they know it—

They dwell in God's contempt apart
With ghastly smooth life dead at heart.

But you, remembering Jesus Christ, will not be content to be followers of the smooth life. Some of you, perhaps, will sell all that you have and go and follow Him. I do not mean necessarily, of course, that you will do this in any literal fashion, but you will find out for yourselves how, in modern ways, you can be obedient to that Heavenly Voice. In our time so much more is possible than a mere giving away of our substance to the poor. We are called upon to anticipate and to avert, as far as may be, the troubles and poverties of men. We are aware, at last, how many sorrows can be prevented by law and improved social arrangements. Who will see that these laws are made? Who will end, or mend, our present social system and bring it into accord with the mind of Christ? The men and women who give themselves, their time, and thought—the best they have—to great social reforms follow in His train as surely as those who, in the early days, left all and went after Him in the way. And we too, who may not be called in this great way, we will remember that Christ comes to us still—in disguise. After all the poor are always with us—the poor in

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purse—yes, and the poor in mind and body as well as in estate—the poor in character, the unattractive, the mean, the base. May we not penetrate the thin disguise? All our work will be a little easier if we can—if, in the eyes of all those who seem to claim our help, we recognize, indeed, the eyes of Christ. When we will—making time for them in the midst of our busy lives—we too may serve Him, “doing them good” in wise, and modern loving ways.

BANKS AND THE WORKING CLASSES.

HOW many people know or realize that our vast system of banking and finance rests upon the credit not of a few rich people, but on the honour of the working classes. Every Bank of England note, every cheque, every credit instrument of any sort, every sovereign even, passes at its face value because the receiver has confidence that goods and services will be forthcoming to the extent of its value, if and when they are called for. The supplies of London come in daily with a regularity that makes them appear part of the order of Nature. But let the country-folk cease to send in supplies, and let the workers who unship and move into the towns the foreign supplies, cease to do so for, say, a week, what would happen? The pressure of buyers would raise prices to famine level. It might take a £100 note to buy a loaf of bread. That would mean the credit corresponding to that note would be diminished 6000 per cent., taking the loaf at 4d. In acutest crises of famine the whole credit of the Bank of England might not purchase a 4-lb. loaf. Credit is worthless on a desert island, because there is no working class on the regularity of whose production the creditor can create a mortgage. Credit is a system for mortgaging the honour of the working classes for the benefit of the legal owners of credit instruments.

Banking is supposed to be one of the high mysteries of a complex craft, only intelligible to exceptionally intelligent people, of exceptional training. The truth is that the principles of banking are simpler and (stripped of technicalities) easier to understand than any other business. This is so because banking is the most generalized, and therefore the freest from specialized requirements, of all practical pursuits. Its character

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of mystery rests upon the high wall of protection which admits only the richest men to its inner sanctum. The magnitude, costliness, and decorative luxury of bank buildings is part of the whole complex apparatus of mystification.

Some two generations ago the peasants of some German villages were initiated into the mysteries of banking by a priest called Raiffeisen. The mysteries turned out to be such as any half-dozen semi-illiterate peasants could acquire and practise with expertness in a few weeks. The result is that throughout large parts of Germany there are now Raiffeisen Banks. These join together in one or more central banks for the purpose of obtaining money in Berlin on the joint credit of their members. That credit is so good that the rate of interest charged by the Reichsbank is invariably the lowest of the day.

A generation or so later a knowledge of this high mystery of banking spread to the peasants and the small townfolk of Northern Italy. There, as in Germany, the extension of banking facilities to classes, which in other countries are outside the sacred circle, has been without doubt one of the potent factors in making Germany and Northern Italy two of the most progressive peoples in the past generation.

Less than twenty years ago Horace Plunkett started on a Raiffeisen mission amongst the Irish peasants. Out of his success in planting these village banks amongst the peasantry there is now coming about that regeneration in Ireland which a century and more of political effort and organization failed to initiate.

Mr. Devine's admirable and lucid little book¹ tells the story of the corresponding effort to introduce the movement into England. Of all people, Mr. Devine was and is the best qualified to tell the story. For more than ten years he has himself been the cutting edge of the movement—the practical man who

¹ *Co-operative Banks*, by H. C. Devine.

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knows what to do, where and when to do it, and never failing to make the attempt, no matter how formidable the obstacles, how depressing the want of encouragement and support.

Mr. Devine's book has the merit of the best propagandist literature. It not only tells what has been done, but in specific detail what remains to be done and how to do it. By a careful study of the book, any group of working-men in town or village may acquire sufficient knowledge to begin operations, and with a little experience and continued reference to, and study of, the book may safely launch a real credit bank, if they can amongst themselves, or with the help of a few richer friends, get together a little capital which, to start with, need not be more than £50 or £100. Indeed, in the case of a village bank, it is possible to start a credit society without cash capital at all, once the simple mystery of co-operative credit is revealed.

In addition to its practical use as a manual for town and village co-operative credit societies, Mr. Devine's book ought to serve another great purpose. It ought to be studied by the leaders, especially the political leaders, of the working classes. The generalities of the economic text-books must be supplemented by the detailed knowledge of actual credit operations, such as can be learned from Mr. Devine's book, before a real competence can be acquired either critical or constructive, and once let the leaders and the people alike realize in what precisely and exactly consists the system of credit, national and individual, it cannot be long before they will ask themselves this momentous question: If the whole credit of the country rests upon our honour, why should not we, the people, be our own bankers? And when that question is once raised, we may be within sight of, not a Bank of England which fetters, but a bank of the people of England which liberates.

ON LOOKING BACKWARD

IT has become a platitude to speak of the rosy mists through which one looks back on days that are gone ; days out of which the bitterness has passed, in which we no longer see all the little frets and worries which are hardly to be explained to another, and yet are shattering to our serenity of soul ; days at last composed for their long sleep, and filled with a peace which passes understanding, like the dead face of one we loved when the pain is smoothed out and there comes the great calm.

Yet it was not from this point of view that we saw the matter as boys. Some uncle would come down to the school—a man rosy, jolly, plump, with a keen appreciation of the material good things of life. He would take us out to dinner, would give us a “tip,” and at parting would come the usual platitude, half happy melancholy, half a somewhat heavy-handed attempt at comfort : “Ah, my boy, these are the happiest days of your life ; how I wish I were back at school again.” We would gladly have changed places. This rubicund sufferer had no limit of bounds ; he had not to batten on a school dinner every day ; he could wear gorgeous ties and boots unchecked, and he had plenty of money to buy cricket bats and penknives, stamps, and engines and “tuck.” He was a free, spacious, unconfined being, far removed from our

Meagre, stale, forbidding ways
Of custom, law and statute.

We doubted either his integrity or his sanity, and considered his impossible statement as one of those untruthful pieces of chilly comfort which our elders sometimes saw fit to deal out

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to us. We had worries of our own. We had not been picked for the Third Footer Eleven, or we had been put on the team and the match was stopped by rain, or we were booked for a painful interview with the head, or we had to fight Dickson minor at 12.20 and feared the result. Petty, unwholesome, cowardly? Yes; but very real worries at the time.

And now, as we look back, it is all so different. We see again the long, irregular, red pile of school buildings, looking out over fields to the fives courts and the woods beyond. We walk again in dreams along the asphalt path by the wood edge and see the western sun lighting up the long rolling waves of the Downs, and making each ribbed window of the school a golden glory. From there one could hear—can hear now in dreams—the crack of golf balls on the fives courts and the distant music of the nets from the First Eleven ground on the other side of the lane. Or one goes under the big door, past the workshops to the Quad, where old Needham kept that famous tuck-shop, whose contents tasted better than anything one has had since. The ginger-beer! Ah! the head on it! The battles royal it provoked when you deftly removed a wily thumb from the mouth in front of somebody's face. The "small cricket" before prayers, with a big roller or tree for wicket; the long, salt-water baths frequented almost daily under savage schoolboy penalty for neglect. The great days—the M.C.C. match, the sports, the prize-giving day, when the old Vicar (long life to him!) recited Mr. Newbold's "Play up!" with tears in his eyes!

Oh, the great days in the distance enchanted,
Days of fresh air in the rain and the sun,
How we rejoiced as we struggled and panted—
Hardly believable forty years on.

Or ten years on either, for the matter of that!

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Ichabod! the glory is departed. We used to sing, not
dreaming of the fates in store,

Praise and fame attend for ever
The school that looks upon the downs and sea ;

and now the old name is gone, and the First Eleven ground, girt with the quarter-mile track, sold, and the buildings turned into a large preparatory school. The Old Novian returns to walk along the asphalt path, to hear the caddies on the links above shout as of old, and to see the old buildings, but to realize that a new race has arisen, owning new gods and knowing not Joseph. He goes sadly back to his train, feeling that he has no living school to be proud of and work for—that Troy has fallen, and there is no “pious Æneas” to take the Lares and Penates and found a new city which shall shed fresh lustre on the old. For him there is an added pathos and melancholy, as of one in the wet woods in October catching the earth smell of autumn, the lovely scents of leaves beautiful as ever in early decay, who should know that no spring would follow the autumn, that there should be no glorious resurrection of the dying year. But for all autumn has a pathos, and for all, surely, there is an undercurrent of longing regret as they look back at the old schooldays.

One would like to essay an analysis of such a mood.

Partly, perhaps, we feel that we were better then than now ; purer, more untainted, more simple, more healthful. In Hood's words—

I remember, I remember, the fir-trees dark and high,
I used to think their slender tops were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance, but now 'tis little joy
To know I'm farther off from heaven than when I was a boy !

Clean white flannels and a brown skin seem now to have
had a certain sacramental value. They were the outward

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visible signs of an inward spiritual health. It may be an illusion, merely our early life seen through a golden haze. As we look back, yes ; there are dark shadows there ; innocence was not always ours ; there were sad struggles and failures, frequent defeats. But at least our environment was helpful and good. One should have some smack of hill freshness and salt water in the character when one can roam over the sweep of the downs to the white cliffs of Beachy Head, and, with none to hear, shout aloud from mere joy in life and the wide sea as one dashes over the rock-studded shore or its great reaches of sand.

And then, too, as we look back, it seems that life then presented such a broad outlook. As we looked far out to sea from the rocks there seemed no limits to the huge possibilities of existence. Ideals, aspirations, we were full of them. There was the intuition—we would not have voiced it for worlds—of some great future coming, of noble deeds that should make the world ring, of great causes to be championed and suffered for and won. Right and wrong were very clear then, and there were no compromises. And later ? Later comes the historic sense, with its subconscious idea that no cause is wholly right, that there are good men on all sides, and that good will ensue not by the complete victory of either party, but by the clash and shock of mighty opposites, by the acceptance of the points on which they agree, by the results that neither side contemplated, by compromise. And so it becomes increasingly hard for us to keep our enthusiasms, and, while keeping an abstract love of truth and professing to fight loyally for her dear sake, we tend to draw out of the battle, to become philosophic doubters, onlookers with hearts chill and numb, and with no very firm belief in the existence of any God's Own Cause.

It may be that all this points to something deeper ; that we look back with longing to the faith of our boyhood. Someone, I think it is Henry Drummond, speaks of the three stages of

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spiritual evolution. First there is apposition, then opposition, and finally comes composition. In the schooldays we have barely achieved the first stage. Religious life was so much easier because we could implicitly believe what was told us, and immeasurably bad would it have been for us otherwise. And, believing, we had life. Later comes the battle and the stress, the doubt which is not so much specific as general, deadly rather as insidiously undermining the castle of our faith than as boldly battering down any outwork, frightful because we hardly know when the now foundationless walls will come crashing about our ears, and, if they spare our lives, at least leave us naked and unsheltered in the rushing storm. We are conscious that there must come reconstruction, omission, addition, and the alterations are difficult of achievement and adjustment. And meanwhile the pilgrim travels painfully through the dark Valley of the Shadow, with stars behind the clouds, with pitfalls in the way, and with Apollyon close at hand.

Ah yes! but "Courage, Camarade, le diable est mort," as Denys hath it. We turn the eye from the dear haze of morning towards the hot, dusty road which alone can lead to the cool, level meadows and the land of the westering sun. The sentiment may have gone out of life, the ideals—the old ideals at least—have grown tarnished and dim, the childhood's stage of faith be past. There remains the stern stress of faith and the patient search for truth and for true humility in the search. And it may be that when, with innocence hardening into purity, we have fought and failed and advanced in the failing, we shall see that the old days were no times in which all those now in chains were born free, that the haze in the life of man is as Rousseau's haze in the life of nations, and that, as Abraham of old, we leave safety and peace at the divine call to search through Egypt and the wilderness, a new and a better country, whose builder and whose maker is God.